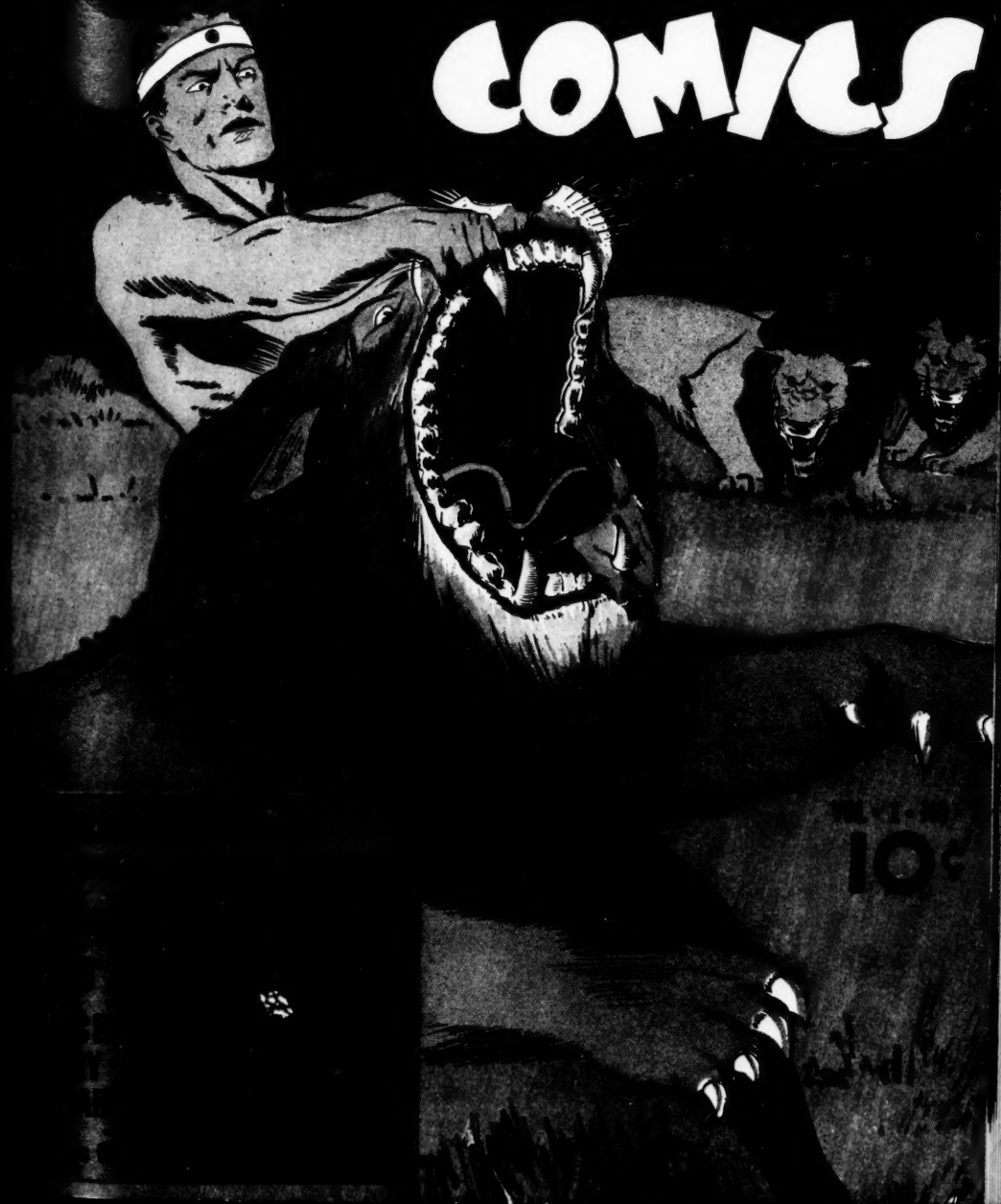


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DOC SAVAGE COMICS

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

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79 SEVENTH AVENUE, N. Y.

DOC SAVAGE



DOC SAVAGE THE INVINCIBLE AND CREATOR OF MANY
ULTRA-SCIENTIFIC INVENTIONS THAT HELP HIM AND HIS
TWO PALS, HAM AND MONK OUT OF MANY TIGHT
SPOTS, COMES TO GRIPS WITH THE FANATICAL
DOOMSDAY IN THE HEART OF DARKEST AFRICA....

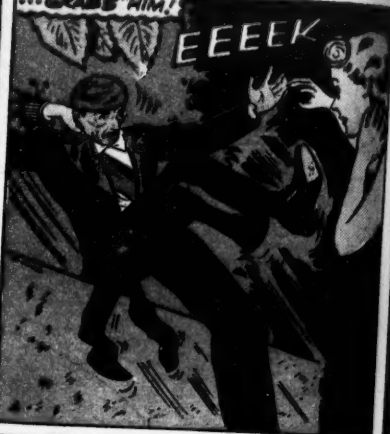
THE SWANKIEST DANCE OF THE NEW YORK SEASON IS BEING GIVEN IN HONOR OF PRINCE FAUDA, HEIR APPARENT TO THE THRONE OF EGYPT....

AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FESTIVITIES THE GUEST OF HONOR DANCES NEAR THE EDGE OF THE FASHIONABLE ROOF TERRACE... A HAND STEALTHILY STRETCHES FORTH AND....



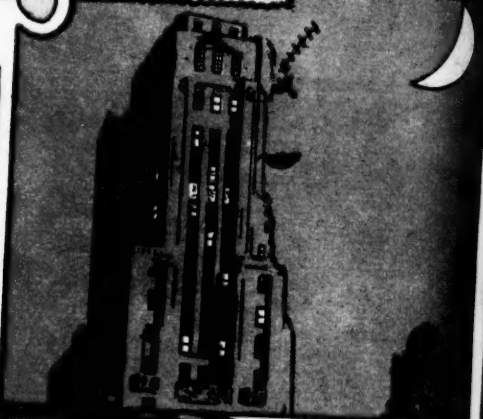
...GRAB HIM!

EEEEK

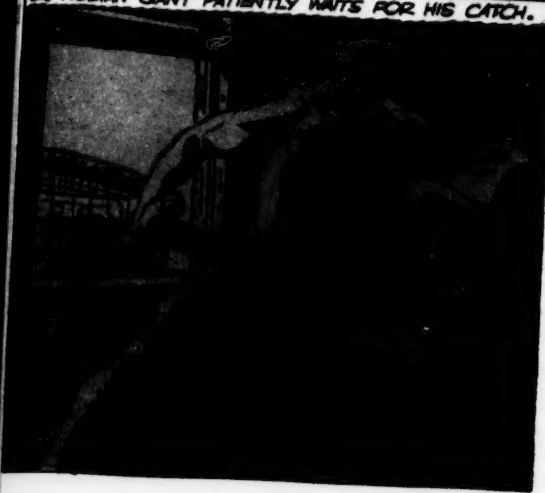


A GIANT DIP NET MAKES ITS APPEARANCE AT A WINDOW A FEW STORIES BELOW THE ROOF GARDEN....

THE CROWD STANDS PETRIFIED WITH FEAR AND IN-DECISION AS THEY SEE THE PRINCE SHOOT OVER THE EDGE OF THE ROOF... THIRTY-TWO STORIES ABOVE THE STREET....



A NUBIAN GIANT PATIENTLY WAITS FOR HIS CATCH.



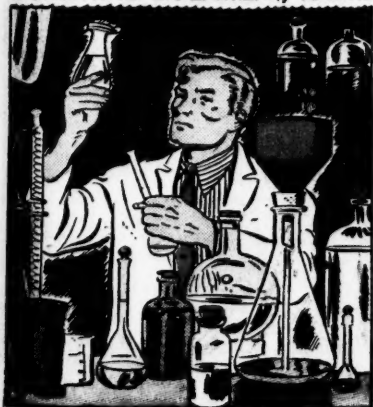
HIS HIGHNESS THE PRINCE FAUDA OF EGYPT LANDS IN THE NET IN A RATHER UNGRACIOUS AND NON ROYAL POSITION....



MEAN IN HIS A SC

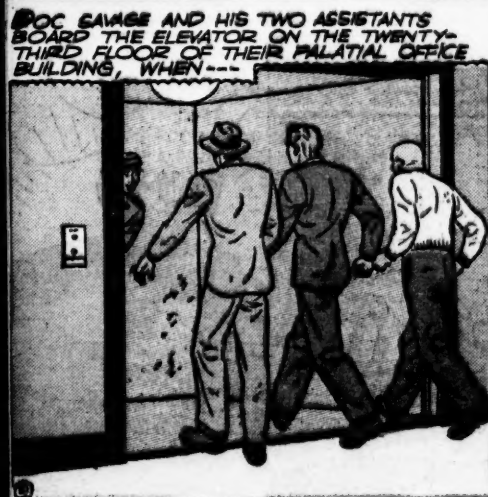
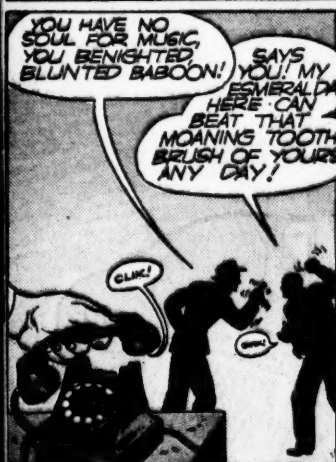


MEANWHILE DOC SAVAGE IS BUSY IN HIS LABORATORY WORKING ON A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT, AND...



...IN ANOTHER PART OF THE ROOM HIS ASSISTANTS, MONK AND HAM, ARE TRYING TO PESTER EACH OTHER.... MONK HAS HIS PET PIG.







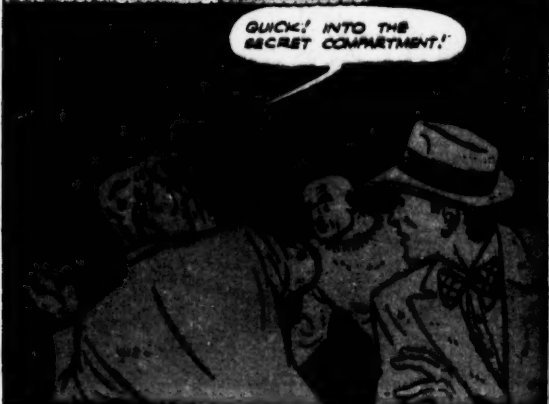
BUT ONE OF DOC SAVAGE'S INVENTIONS, A TINY GADGET THAT FITS INTO THE NOSTRIL AND FILTERS OUT ALL GAS, NULLIFIES THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE'S MURDEROUS INTENTIONS....



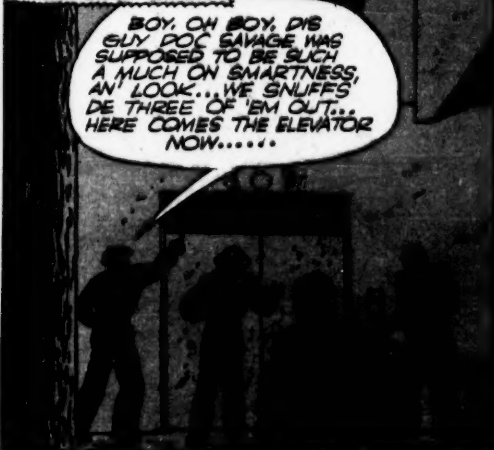
MONK SMASHES THE OUTER GLOBE AND QUICKLY UNSCREWS THE LIGHT BULB... PLUNGING.....

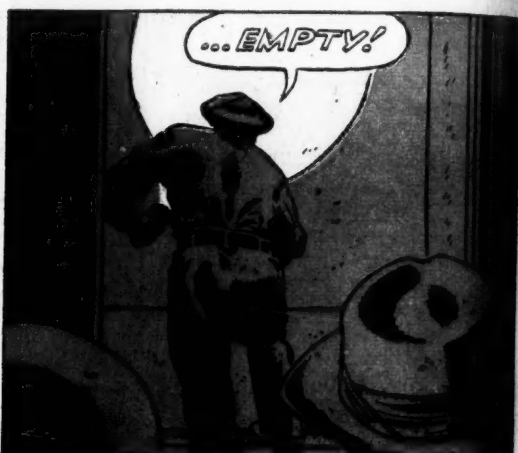


...THE CAR INTO DARKNESS AS THEY DROP DOWN...DOWN...DOWN.....



IN THE BASEMENT...











SQUEAL, YOU
RAT, OR I'LL PULL
YOUR NOSE OUT
BY THE ROOTS!

I'LL TALK
OUUUUCH!



SPAVENTO IS OUR
BOSS... HE HEARD WHAT
THE SECRETARY OF
STATE SAID TO YOU...
TAPPED WIRE... WE'RE
ONLY COVER UP MEN FOR
THE KIDNAPPERS OF
PRINCE FAUDA. THEY'RE
TAKING HIM.....



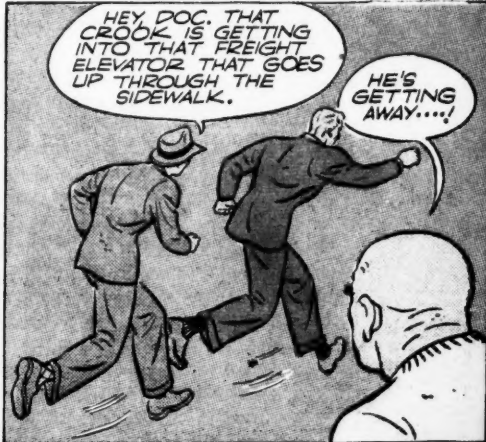
AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET INTER-
RUPTS THE CONFESSION.

THEY TAKE AFTER THE KILLER.....



HE DUCKED
AROUND THAT
CORNER. AFTER
HIM!

WE'LL
GET HIM!



HEY DOC. THAT
CROOK IS GETTING
INTO THAT FREIGHT
ELEVATOR THAT GOES
UP THROUGH THE
SIDEWALK.

HE'S
GETTING
AWAY....!



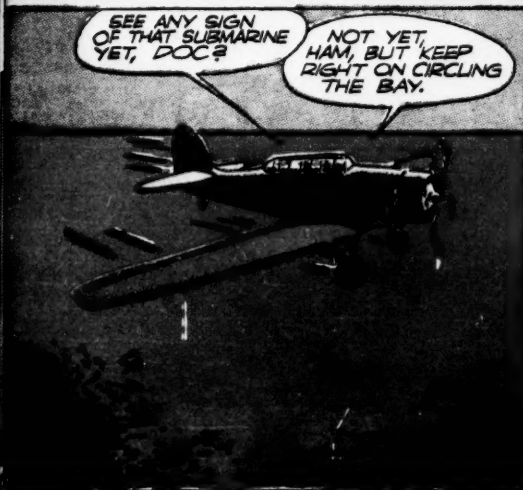
GOTTEN
AWAY WOULD
BE BETTER.



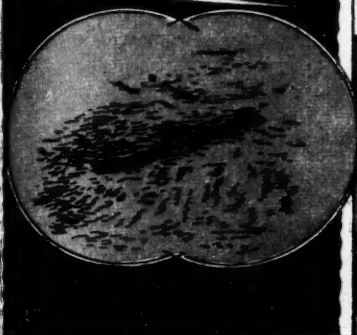
COME ON, BOYS, UP THESE
STAIRS! WE MAY STILL BE ABLE
TO CATCH HIM. THAT ELEVATOR
IS VERY SLOW.



WITH THE HELP OF HIS LITTLE INVENTION HE HEARS THE CROOKS' CONVERSATION AS CLEARLY AS THOUGH HE WERE WITH THEM IN THE FRONT OF THE CAR.



...SEE THE SUBMARINE...
IT IS, I AM CERTAIN OF
IT. DIVE DOWN, HAM.
GET CLOSE TO THE
SURFACE.



DOC DISCARDS HIS HEAVY FLYING
GEAR AND ADJUSTS ONE OF HIS
TRANSPARENT OXYGEN HELMETS.
WITH THIS INVENTION HE CAN STAY
UNDER WATER FOR TEN HOURS.
THE OXYGEN IN HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
CAPSULES IS ARRANGED
AROUND THE NECK PIECE.



...HE DIVES OFF THE
PLANE AND...



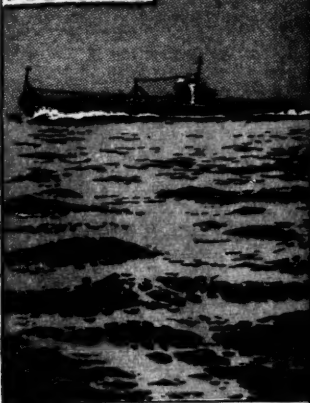
...CUTTING THE WATER LIKE
A KNIFE LANDS....



...ON THE SUBMARINE DECK.



AFTER THREE HOURS OF
SUBMERGED TRAVEL THE
SUB COMES TO THE SURFACE
DOC IS.....



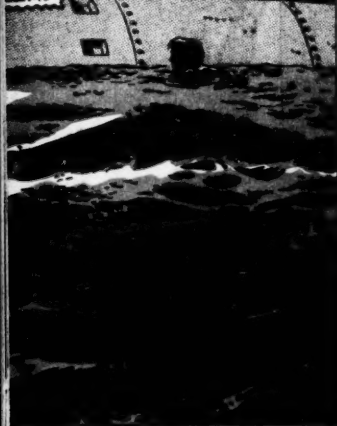
...RIDING ON THE REAR DECK.



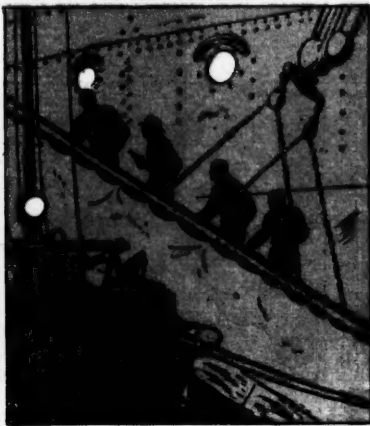
THE KIDNAPPER'S
SUBMARINE CONTACTS
A WAITING OCEAN
LINER.....



AS THE SUB NEARS THE LINER, DOC QUIETLY GLIPS INTO THE SEA.



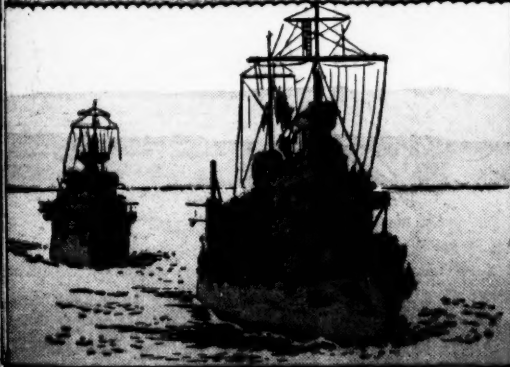
THE CAPTIVE PRINCE IS TRANSFERRED FROM THE SUBMARINE TO THE LINER WHILE.....



ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE LINER, DOC SILENTLY CLIMBS TO THE DECK HAND OVER HAND.



MEANWHILE OUR NAVY IS GETTING BUSY... SCANNING THE SEAS... SEARCHING EVERY SHIP THEY MEET... FOR THAT VANISHED PRINCE.



THIS MAKES THE ABDUCTORS NERVOUS, SO THEY DECIDE TO FLY THE PRINCE TO THEIR HIDEOUT!



AND AGAIN DOC GOES INTO ACTION...

VERY ACCOMMODATING OF THEM TO HAVE TWO PLANES ON THIS SHIP!



TWO SAILORS TRY TO STOP DOC FROM GETTING TO THE OTHER PLANE, BUT.....

HEY... WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WHERE'D HE COME FROM?

GET HIM!



...DOC MAKES SHORT WORK OF THEM.



...AND TAKES OFF.



CALLING SEARCHING
U.S. CRUISERS....DOC
SAVAGE CALLING U.S.
CRUISERS...PRINCE
FAUDA IS IN AN AI....

THE PLANE'S RADIO
GOES DEAD.....

SPUTTER
SPUTTER
SPUTT
SPUTT!



BOOMBA GABA, KING OF THE PANATICAL
BOOMBAS, A MYSTICAL AFRICAN TRIBE,
IS SEATED IN STATE AWAITING AN
IMPORTANT CALLER....



MY FATHER, KING
OF EGYPT, WILL
MAKE YOU PAY
FOR THIS OUTRAGE

YOUR FATHER,
THE KING,
HA, HA, HA!

GET
ALONG!



BY ORDER OF
MY FUEHRER, I
LEAVE THE PRINCE
TO YOUR TENDER
MERCIES.

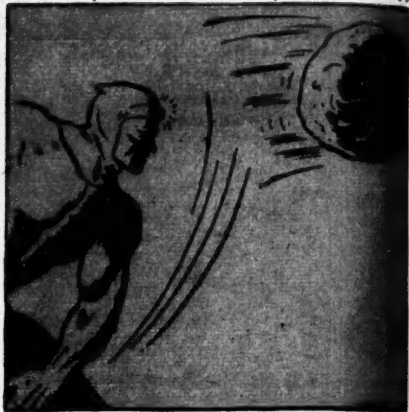
WE SHALL GIVE
HIM... SPECIAL
ATTENTION. HO,
HO, HOOOOOO!



DOC SAVAGE ARRIVES AT THE STRONGHOLD OF GOOMBA SALA... IN HIS INVINCIBLE COSTUME AND SACRED HOOD WITH ITS MIRACLE WORKING RUBY.....

HM-M-M-M... THE PASS IS WELL GUARDED!

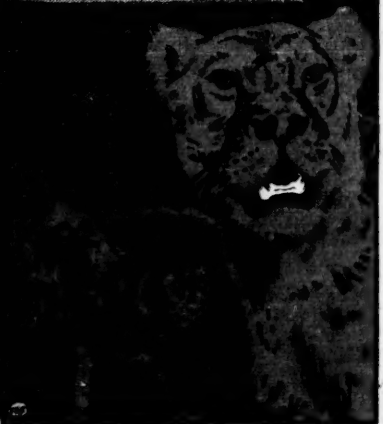
HE GOES INTO ACTION...AS ONLY DOC SAVAGE, THE INVINCIBLE, CAN.....



DOC'S MISSILE CLEARS THE PASS...



AS THE RAYS OF THE RUBY CIRCLE AROUND THE COURTYARD, THEY SHOW THE PLACE TO BE LITERALLY SWARMING WITH LIONS, ALL AS SILENT AS THE GRAVE....



I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHERE THIS DOOR LEADS...



DOC FINDS HIMSELF IN THE LIONS' COURTYARD, WHERE AT NIGHT SILENT LIONS, WHOSE ROARS HAVE BEEN CUT OUT, GUARD THE APPROACH TO GOOMBA'S QUARTERS....



SUDDENLY...



ONE OF US IS MAKING A BIG MISTAKE!

CALLING ON THE TREMENDOUS STRENGTH LENT HIM BY THE SACRED HOOD, DOC TEARS THE LION'S JAWS APART...



CRACK

INFLU THE BLO FAVIN TURR FALL AND TO ADVA THEIR PATIO SLIP THE OF T YARD CON HIS PRIN

DOC NICK

DOC POT.. FLAME

INFURIATED BY THE SMELL OF BLOOD, THE FAMISHED LIONS TURN ON THEIR FALLEN MATE AND TEAR HIM TO BITS, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THEIR PREOCCUPATION. DOC SLIPS THROUGH THE FAR DOOR OF THE COURTYARD AND CONTINUES ON HIS SEARCH FOR PRINCE FAUDA.



THAT WAS TOO CLOSE!

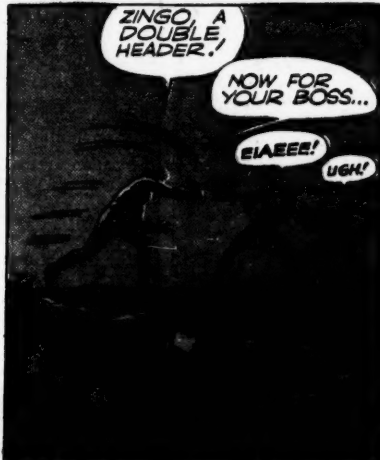


THROW HIM IN THE KETTLE... BOIL THE MEAT FROM OFF HIS RRRROYAL BONES... HE, HE, HE, HEEEOOWW!

DOC ARRIVES JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME.....



LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN DO WITH THIS SPEAR.



ZINGO, A DOUBLE HEADER!

NOW FOR YOUR BOSS...

EIAAEE!

UGH!



HELP! HE....

DOC THROWS GOOMBA INTO HIS OWN POT... IT FALLS OVER... SPREADING THE FLAMES OVER THE BUILDING AND.....



AS DOC RUSHES OFF WITH PRINCE FAUDA, THE PLACE BECOMES A ROARING INFERNO.



CAIRO!

IN EGYPT,
THE LAND OF
MYSTERY.....

WE LOOK IN ON A CONFERENCE BETWEEN THE KING OF EGYPT AND THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR IN THE KING'S PRIVATE STUDY... LET'S LISTEN...



YOU WILL TURN AGAINST THE ALLIES AND COME IN WITH ME NEW ORDER OR YOUR SON DIES.

BBB-UT I.....



SUDDENLY...

DON'T LISTEN TO HIS LIES, YOUR HIGHNESS. HERE IS YOUR SON....

FATHER!

FAUDA, MY SON!



YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS UNWARRANTED INTERFERENCE. WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

HA, HA, HA! JUST LIKE YOU FELLOWS DO, EH?

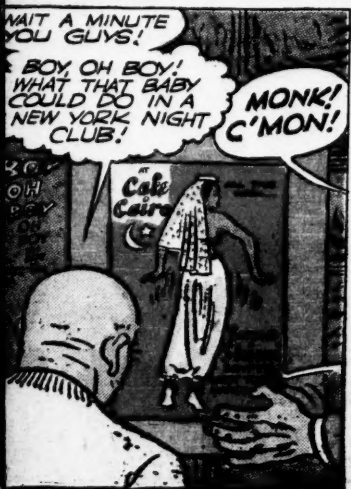
DOC, LEMME SOCK THAT GUY... JUST ONCE PLEASE!

AND SO DOC PREVENTS EGYPT FROM JOINING UP WITH THE AXIS NATIONS!



LATER...

COME ON, MONK, THE PLANE IS WAITING TO TAKE US BACK TO THE GOOD OLD U.S.A.



WAIT A MINUTE YOU GUYS!

BOY OH BOY! WHAT THAT BABY COULD DO IN A NEW YORK NIGHT CLUB!

MONK! C'MON!



*HEY! AW HECK YOU GUYS JUST AIN'T GOT NO EYE FOR ART, THAT'S ALL...

NOW, MONK...



I'LL HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF DOC SAVAGE COMICS... ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE THAT YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS! ...DON'T FORGET, I'LL SEE YOU SOON...

Doc Savage.

KIDNAPPED

FROM ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S IMMORTAL BOOK . . .

CAPT. HOSEASON!

ALAN BRECK

UNCLE EBENEZER

DAVID BALFOUR

IT IS THE YEAR 1751.. IN ESSENDEAN, SCOTLAND.. DAVID BALFOUR, WHO HAS BEEN LEFT AN ORPHAN BY THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER AND MOTHER, IS ON HIS WAY TO HIS UNCLE, HIS ONE REMAINING RELATIVE.. HE IS ESCORTED TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF ESSENDEAN, BY THE KINDLY OLD MINISTER, WHO WISHES HIM GODSPEED ON HIS WAY . . .

PICTURES BY JON SMALL.

ARE YE SORRY TO LEAVE ESSENDEAN, DAVIE?

WHY SIR, NOW THAT MY FATHER IS DEAD, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO SEEK OUT MY UNCLE!

WELL, DAVIE, YOUR FATHER SAYS TO ME BEFORE HE DIES. SO SOON AS I AM GONE GIVE THIS LETTER TO MY SON AND START HIM OFF TO THE HOUSE OF SHAW.. IT IS THE PLACE HE CAME FROM AND WHERE IT BEFITS MY BOY TO RETURN..

THE HOUSE OF SHAW! WHAT HAD MY POOR FATHER TO DO WITH THE HOUSE OF SHAW!

IT SAYS "TO THE HANDS OF EBENEZER BALFOUR IN THIS HOUSE OF SHAW — THIS WILL BE DELIVERED BY MY SON — DAVID BALFOUR.."

GOODBYE, DAVIE.. DINNA SHAME US IN YON GREAT HOUSE.. SHOW YOURSELF AS NICE AND RESPECTABLE A LAD AS ANY..

FOR A DAY AND A HALF DAVID TRUDGES WEARILY THROUGH THE BORSE AND HEATHER... HE INQUIRES THE WAY FROM PASSING TRAVELLERS BUT THEY ALL AVOID THE SUBJECT AS IF IT WERE THE PLAGUE.....

DO YE KNOW THE WAY TO THE HOUSE OF SHAW?

IF YE'LL TAKE MY TIP, YE'LL STEER CLEAR OF HOUSE O' SHAW !!!!



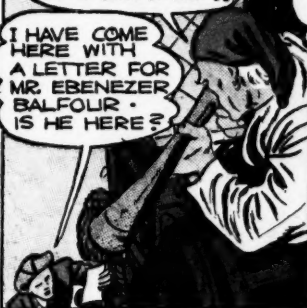
THAT IS THE HOUSE OF SHAW. BLOOD BUILT IT - BLOOD STOPPED THE BUILDING OF IT, AND BLOOD SHALL BRING IT DOWN!!!!

EVENTUALLY AN OLD WOMAN TELLS HIM -

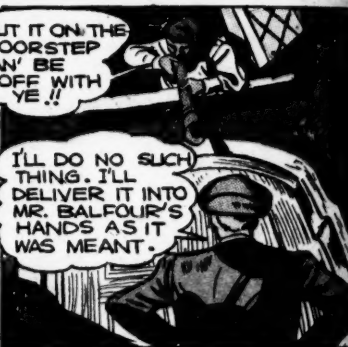


IT'S LOADED!!

I HAVE COME HERE WITH A LETTER FOR MR. EBENEZER BALFOUR. IS HE HERE?



PUT IT ON THE DOORSTEP AN' BE OFF WITH YE!!



I'LL DO NO SUCH THING. I'LL DELIVER IT INTO MR. BALFOUR'S HANDS AS IT WAS MEANT.



I AM MR. BALFOUR'S NEPHEW. THIS LETTER IS FOR HIM!

THEN YOUR FATHER'S DEAD. THAT'S WHAT BRINGS YOU TO MY DOOR! I'LL LET YE IN!



UNCLE EBENEZER

GO IN THE KITCHEN AN' HELP YERSEL' TO THE PORRIDGE, IF YE'RE HUNGRY - LET'S SEE THE LETTER!



DAVID, NOW THOROUGHLY TIRED OUT WITH HIS LAST DAYS' STRENUOUS TRAVELLING, IS LED UP TO BED BY UNCLE EBENEZER.....





GOOD NIGHT,
SIR !!



I MUST FIND
A WAY, OF
GETTING RID
OF HIM!

NEXT DAY AT BREAKFAST

TODAY I HAVE TO GO
AND SEE CAPT. HOSEASON
AND ME LAWYER.. YE SEE
I HAVE AN INTEREST IN A
TRADING BRIG, THE "COVEN-
ANT OF DYSART" AND IT'S
PUTTING OUT TO SEA TODAY
AND THE CAPTAIN AND I
HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO
FINISH BEFORE HE SAILS
FOR SOUTH AMERICA. YE
CAN COME ALONG, DAVIE -

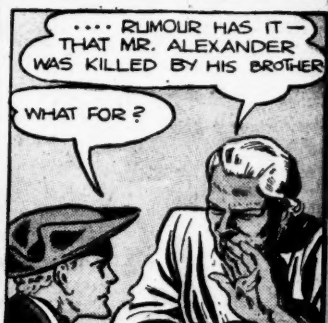
THEY MEET CAPT. HOSEASON AT AN INN, AND DAVID IS INTRO-
DUCED BY HIS UNCLE



RIGHT GLAD TO MEET
YOU, DAVIE !



ARE YE A RELATIVE OF MR.
EBENEZER ? YE HAVE THE LOOK
OF HIS ELDER BROTHER
MR. ALEXANDER ...

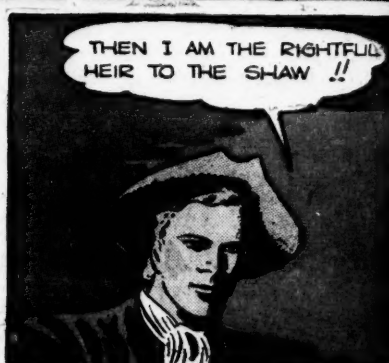


.... RUMOUR HAS IT -
THAT MR. ALEXANDER
WAS KILLED BY HIS BROTHER

WHAT FOR ?

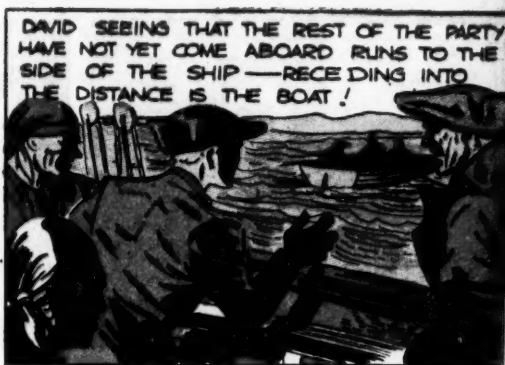


WHAT FOR, BUT JUST TO GET THE
PLACE - THE HOUSE OF SHAW'S. FOR MR.
ALEXANDER WAS THE RIGHTFUL HEIR !



THEN I AM THE RIGHTFUL
HEIR TO THE SHAW !!





A FEW HOURS
LATER —



HE'S STILL VERY
WEAK, HE'S GOT
A BAD CUT ON
HIS HEAD—

GET HIM AFT TO DO SOME
WORK, THAT'LL CURE HIS
WEAKNESS—

WHERE AM
I?

YE'RE ON A
SHIP BOUND FOR
CAROLINA!



THE CAPTAIN RE-ENTERS AND ADDRESSES
DAVID...

YE'RE TO SERVE IN
THE ROUND-HOUSE--
YOU AND RANSOME,
THE CABIN BOY,
ARE TO CHANGE
BERTHS!



SO THE PILOT'S DONE
FOR HIM AT LAST...

MR. RIACH, THIS NIGHT'S
WORK MUST NEVER BE
KNOWN, THE BOY FELL
OVERBOARD, D'YE UNDERSTAND?



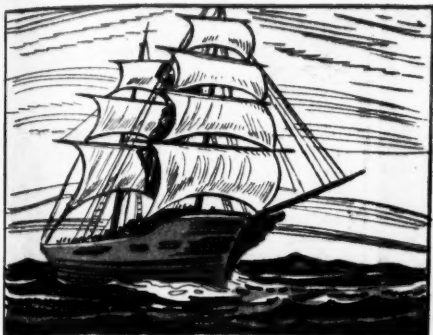
DAVID LEARNS THAT HIS UNCLE INTENDED TO
SELL HIM INTO SLAVERY ON A PLANTATION
IN CAROLINA-- HE CONFIDES IN MR. RIACH
ABOUT HIMSELF, AND MR. RIACH PROMISES TO
DO WHAT HE CAN TO HELP HIM---

THEY'RE A ROUGH LOT
ABOARD AND YE MUST BE
CAREFUL, ESPECIALLY OF THE
PILOT, MR. SHILAN WHEN HE
IS IN DRINK HE IS CAPABLE
OF ANYTHING--EVEN MURDER!



AS DAVID GOES AFT, HE SEES SAILORS
CARRYING THE LIFELESS BODY OF THE
CABIN BOY, BELOW--





ON THE TENTH DAY THE "COVENANT OF DYSART" RUNS INTO A FOG —



WE'VE RUN A BOAT DOWN!



THE SAILORS HAUL HIM ABOARD ----

THERE IS A RENDING SOUND AND THE BOAT IS SMASHED IN TWO — ONE SURVIVOR CLINGS TO THE BOW-SPRIT --

WELL, SIR, I AM ONE OF THOSE HONEST GENTLEMEN THAT WERE IN TROUBLE ABOUT THE YEARS FORTY-FIVE AND SIX, AND IF I GOT INTO THE HANDS OF THE RED-COATED ENGLISH SOLDIERY — THINGS WOULDN'T GO WELL WITH ME !

WHO ARE YE? YE'VE A FRENCH SOLDIER'S COAT UPON YOUR BACK AND A SCOTCH TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD ----

NOW IF YE SET ME DOWN ON THE SHORES OF FRANCE, I'LL REWARD YOU HIGHLY --

THAT I CANNOT DO, BUT FOR SIXTY GUINEAS I WILL PUT YE DOWN ON THE SEA-SHORE ..



THE CAPTAIN
LEAVES THE
STRANGER
IN THE
ROUNDHOUSE
AND DAVID
OVERHEARS
MR. RIACH
AND THE
CAPTAIN
PLOTING..

COULDN'T WE
WILE HIM OUT
HERE ?

HE'S BETTER WHERE
HE IS.. WE CAN GET
HIM IN TALK, AND GET HIM
UNDERHAND BEFORE HE
HAS A CHANCE
TO DRAW...



THEY HAVE-
N'T GOT ME
YET - WILL YE

STAND BY
ME, SON ?

I'LL STAND
BY YOU !



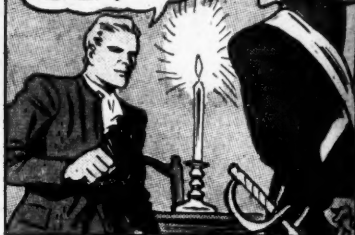
THEY HEAR THE OMINOUS
SOUND OF MARCHING
FEET--THEY PREPARE TO
DEFEND THEMSELVES----

WE HAVE NEARLY ALL
THE AMMUNITION
HERE !



DAVID RETURNS TO THE
STRANGER

DO YE WANT TO BE KILLED ?
THEY'RE ALL MURDERERS HERE
THEY'VE MURDERED
THE CABIN BOY, NOW
THEY WANT TO MURDER
YOU FOR YOUR
MONEY !



STAND WHERE
YOU ARE !!!



ANOTHER EXCITING INSTALLMENT OF
"KIDNAPPED" IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE...



MASTER OVER ALL FIRE AND FLAME, JIM WILSON WATCHES OVER EARTH IN THE GUISE OF **AJAX THE SUN MAN**--CHAMPION OF THE OPPRESSED!

THE LIMOUSINE OF BOSS GORLO, REFORMED GANGLORD, CRUISES THROUGH THE LARGE TENEMENT SECTION HE OWNS.

AW, CAN'T YA WAIT A SECOND?

HONK, HONK!

FILTHY LITTLE BRATS! THEY DON'T KNOW I OWN ALL THIS. GIVE 'EM THE HORN, MONK!

OKAY, BOSS GORLO!

Suddenly

HERE'S A SIZZLER, CHIPPY!

OOPS, I MISSED IT!



YOU BROKE MY WINDSHIELD,
YOU LITTLE SCUM!

OWW, LEMME
GO, YOU
BIG
LUMMOX!

LUMMOX, EH?
I'LL SHOW YOU....

NOBODY CAN SASS
BOSS GORLO! I OWN
ALL THESE
TUNEMENTS
SEE?

YEAH? WELL, I'LL GET
YOU FOR THIS! I'LL BURN
EM ALL DOWN....

WHY DON'T YOU
PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR
OWN SIZE, PAL?

I'LL TEACH YOU A
LESSON! I'LL---

JAX THE SUN
MAN HAS QUIETLY
APPROACHED!

LIKE YOU, FOR
INSTANCE, WISE
GUY?

YEAH, BOSS....
WHA---? IT
BOUNCED
BACK!

OWWW!
HE'S GOT A CHIN
LIKE A ROCK!
HIT HIM MONK!
KNOCK HIM
COLD!

ASS
I OWN
THESE
EMENTS
EE?

AJAX SUDDENLY EXERTS HIS
MIGHTY STRENGTH AGAINST
THE TWO BULLIES.

NOW IT'S
MY TURN!



WHY WE'LL MURDER
THE BUM!



PARDON ME, WHAT
WERE YOU SAYING?



HEY, YOU
GUYS!
STOP
THAT---



ARREST THIS
MAN FOR
ATTACKING
ME!

COME
ALONG,
YOU!

BUT BOSS
GORLO HIT
ME FIRST!



YOU'RE AJAX THE SUN
MAN! GOSH, I GOT YOU
IN TROUBLE!

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME,
CHIPPY!



I'LL GO QUIETLY. I NEVER
STRUGGLE WITH THE LAW.



Hours later...

IT'S NIGHT
NOW.



AJAX CASTS A FIRE BOLT AT THE STEEL BARS!

MEANWHILE, IN THE
TENEMENT SECTION, SINISTER FIGURES
PERFORM AN EVIL MISSION!

I'VE BEEN
IN THIS SILLY
JAIL LONG
ENOUGH!

DA FIRE'S STARTED!

COME ON
LET'S SCAM!

HELP!

FIRE!

THE WHOLE ROW OF TENEMENTS GO UP
LIKE A TINDER-BOX, TRAPPING HUNDREDS
OF HELPLESS FAMILIES

SAVE
US!

LOOKS
LIKE
I'M
NEEDED!

I'LL JUST PULL AWAY
ALL THESE FLAMES
AND....

....ROLL THEM UP IN
A BALL.

WITH HIS CONTROL
OVER FIRE, AJAX
GATHERS UP THE
FLAMES...

LOOK, AJAX ROLLED
ALL THE FLAMES
IN A BALL!

WHAT'S HE
GOING TO
DO WITH
THEM?

HAVEN'T HAD BREAKFAST
YET!

THE TENEMENTS
ARE SAVED!

HE'S SAVED MY
TENEMENTS!

WELL I'LL
BE---?

HOW DOES THAT
AJAX DO IT?

THE ARSONIST IS FOUND!

HE'S THE
ARSONIST, MR.
GORLO! I CAUGHT HIM
SNEAKING IN
THE BACK
ALLEY!

IT'S THE SAME
LITTLE BRAT THAT
THREATENED TO
BURN DOWN MY
TENEMENTS THIS
AFTERNOON!

OH, I KNOW MY
CHIPPY DIDN'T
DO IT!

I DON'T
THINK SO
EITHER.

I'M YOUR FRIEND,
LADY. AND I'M
GOING TO SEE
THAT JUSTICE
IS DONE!

MY BOY, MY BOY!
CHIPPY DIDN'T DO
IT, OFFICER!

DON'T LISTEN TO HER,
OFFICER. DO YOUR DUTY!

IF AJAX INTERFERES AGAIN, GIVE
HIM THE WORKS! THOSE TENEMENT
MUST BE BURNED DOWN!

DEY WILL!

SOMEHOW I
TRUST YOU!



DIS TIME WE'LL STARTA **REAL**
BONFIRE!

LIGHT A MATCH,
SPIKE!



OUT, FLAME!

WHA--?



I WAITED HERE.
I THOUGHT YOU LUGS
WOULD BE BACK!

FILL HIM
WITH HOLES!



A LITTLE
HEAT MELTS
YOUR BULLETS!



AND NOW FOR
A LITTLE
WORK-OUT!



LITTLE BOYS
SHOULDN'T PLAY
WITH FIRE, YOU
KNOW!



DIS BOMB'LL
COOK YOUR
GOOSE, AJAX!

**AJAX STAGGERS BACK AT
THE VIOLENT EXPLOSION!**

HEY, YOU'RE
PLAYING A
LITTLE ROUGH.

THAT STOPPED ME FOR
A SECOND. WHERE
DID THEY GO?

I'LL LET THEM
LEAD ME TO
THEIR HIDEOUT!

**AJAX FOLLOWS INTO A
BASEMENT.....**

AHA! THERE'S THE
LEADER OF THIS ARSON GANG!

AJAX STOPPED
US AGAIN!

AJAX, EH? I'LL
BET HE FOLLOWED
YOU HERE.....

The masked man
PULLS A lever.

WHA---? A TRAP DOOR!

CAUGHT YOU, RAT! HERE,
PLAY WITH THIS WHILE
WE'RE GONE!

A TIME-BOMB, SET TO GO OFF IN ONE MINUTE! WITH ALL THESE EXPLOSIVES AROUND, IT'LL BRING THE BUILDING DOWN ON TOP OF ME!



AJAX FINDS HIS FIRE-POWERS FOR ONCE ARE USELESS, AGAINST ASBESTOS WALLS!

THIS IS SERIOUS!
I CAN'T BURN MY WAY OUT!



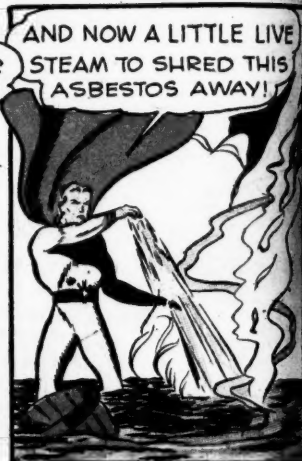
A WATER PIPE! I'LL JUST
BURN THROUGH IT
AND----



---LET THIS WATER
END THE DANGER OF
AN EXPLOSION!



AND NOW A LITTLE LIVE
STEAM TO SHRED THIS
ASBESTOS AWAY!



I'M
FREE!



BACK TO THE
TENEMENTS!



JUST IN TIME TO
STOP YOU RATS
AGAIN!

HELP, IT'S
AJAX



THIS LASSO OF
FIRE DOES THE
TRICK!

NOW RELAX AND
ENJOY THE RIDE
TO THE POLICE
STATION!

DON'T DROP
US, MR. AJAX,
PLEASE!

THEY'RE PART OF THE
ARSON GANG! I'LL BRING
THE REST TO YOU SOON!

ajax returns to the hide-out.

AJAX! AND MY
BULLETS DON'T STOP
HIM.

THE MASKED LEADER
HAS ONE MORE TRICK!

STOP, AJAX!
ONE MORE STEP
AND THIS WOMAN
DIES!

THE MASKED LEADER HAS A
STEEL DOOR ORDERED CLOSED!

THAT DOOR
IS A FOOT
THICK!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
HE CAN'T MELT
THROUGH THAT DOOR!

HELLO,
GENTS!

WHY, IT'S
CHIPPY'S
MOTHER!

HMMM! THIS TAKES
CAREFUL THOUGHT....



SUDDENLY AJAX
ACTS WITH BLINDING
SPEED!

HE WENT RIGHT
THROUGH DA WALL!



GOODBYE
FOR NOW!

ONLY A SPLIT SECOND LATER....

I'M BACK! AND I'LL
TAKE THIS KNIFE, PLEASE!



SO IT'S YOU, BOSS
GORLO!

DON'T HIT
ME! I'LL
TALK!



I WANTED TO BURN DOWN
MY TENEMENTS, TO
COLLECT THE INSURANCE.
I SAW A SWELL WAY TO
LAY THE BLAME ON THE
KID, CHIPPY, AFTER HE
BROKE MY WINDSHIELD
AND MADE THAT THREAT



THE THUGS CONFESSED.
BOSS GORLO HIRED THEM!

YES, BUT DON'T
JAIL GORLO. HERE'S
A SIGNED STATEMENT
I GOT FROM HIM---
PROMISING TO REBUILD THE
TENEMENTS INTO BETTER
QUARTERS FOR HIS TENANTS!

WILL YOU EVER
COME BACK,
AJAX?

YES,
WHEN
I'M NEED
AGAIN!

a while later....

NOW WE'LL
GET YOUR SON
OUT OF JAIL!



SUFF
I SEE
DOW

CASSID
MECH
BOMBS
SPOT A
UNIB
SIGHT
SWAMP
THOUS
FEET

ASTRON CROCODILE QUEEN

A STORY OF MAN-MADE AMPHIBIAN KILLERS OF STEEL IN BATTLE WITH THE MONSTER AMPHIBIANS OF UNTOLD AGES! NOTE-AMPHIBIAN IS THE ANCIENT NAME FOR ANIMALS THAT CAN LIVE ON LAND OR IN THE WATER. LAND OR WATER TANKS OR PLANES ARE SO NAMED TODAY.



SUFFRIN CATS! I THINK I SEE A LINE OF TANKS DOWN THERE IN THE JUNGLE!

YOU'RE BUGHOUSE MIKE!

CASSIDY AND HIS MECHANIC, ON BOMBER PATROL, SPOT AN ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT IN THE SWAMPY JUNGLE THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW.

RIGHT! A TRAIN
OF ENEMY
AMPHIBIAN
TANKS IS
SECRETLY
SNEAKING
THROUGH THE
JUNGLES AND
SWAMPS, TO
ESTABLISH A
HIDDEN AIR
BASE, WHERE
FIGHTER PLANE
CAN TAKE OFF
AND SHOOT DOWN
U.S. BOMBERS,
BEING FERRIED
FROM THE WEST
COAST TO THE
ALLIES IN THE
NEAR EAST.



THERE ISS A SCOUT
BOMBER, UND HE SEES
US ALRETTY! BUT HE
DOESNT KNOW WE GOT
DER FIGHTER PLANE
HIDDEN IN DER CLOUDS
ABOVE HIM!



WE CAN'T DROP
AN EGG (BOMB) ON THEM
TILL WE'RE SURE OF
WHO THEY ARE?

LET'S GET
A
CLOSER
LOOK!

THE QUESTION
WAS QUICKLY
SETTLED:
THE ENEMY
FIGHTER
DIVED ON
THEM AND
BLASTED
THEIR TAIL
ASSEMBLY



SOMETHING HIT OUR
TAIL! NO RUDDER!
NO ELEVATORS!
ALL OUT, MIKE!
JUMP!



WHAT TO DO, THAT'S
THE QUESTION?

THEM
TANKS ARE
STRANGE TO
ME, CHIEF!





ASTRON,
GUARDIAN
OF
CLEOPATRA'S
FLAME
OF
YOUTH,
AWAITS THE
COMING OF
HER QUEEN.
SHE NEVER
HAS LEARNED
THE
CAUSE OF
THE
DELAY.

NOW AS SHE
RECLINES
ON HER JUNG
LE ISLAND
PARADISE,
SHE LOOKS UP
AND SEES A
STRANGE SIGHT
FAR ABOVE
IN THE SKY.

NOT SO GOOD,
MIKE! NO MAN
COULD FOOT IT
OUT OF THIS JUNGLE!

HEY, CHIEF!
LOOK! ISN'T THAT
THE CROCODILE
DAME'S HANGOUT
DOWN THERE?



THEY PLUNGE INTO THE LAKE IN A GREAT SPLASH!

LOOK, CHIEF!
ISN'T THAT THE
CROCODILE
DAME COMING
?

I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D FALL INTO THE
WATER SOME TIME
AND THEN BE GLAD
TO SEE A BUNCH OF
CROCODILES COMING!



CALLING HER GREAT AMPHIBIANS, ASTRON
MOVED SWIFTLY TO RESCUE THEM!



ASTRON
REACHED
THE MEN
JUST IN
TIME!
CLINGING
TO THE
GREAT
MONSTERS
THEY SOON
WERE
FERRIED
TO THE
ISLAND
LANDING
STAGE

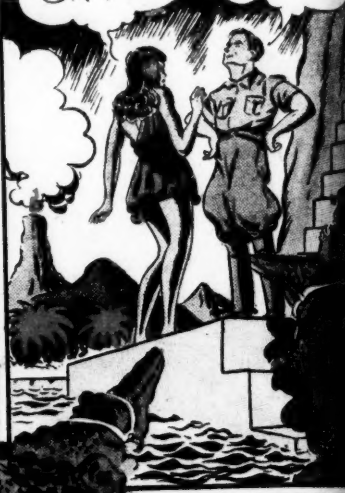
MAN OF THE
SKY! IT IS YOU!
YOU HAVE COME
BACK TO ME!

ASTRON!
I'M SURE
GLAD
TO SEE
YOU!



I AM GLAD YOU
ARE SAFE
MAN OF THE
SKY!

THANKS
TO YOU,
ASTRON!



LOOK!
ANOTHER WAR-
BIRD UP THERE
IN THE SKY!
IS IT AN ENEMY
WAR-BIRD?

OHO! SO
THAT WAS
THE
TROUBLE
WITH OUR
SHIP! NOW
HE IS TELLING
THE TANK
OUTFIT WHERE
WE ARE!

RIGHT! THE
PLANE DIPS
OVER THE
TANKS AND
DROPS A
MESSAGE.

THEY SCHWIM
MIT CROCODILES.
I DO NOT BELIEVE
DIS, BUT WE MUST
LOOK, UND MAYBE
CAPTURE DEM!



WE MUST NOT LET
DER SPOTTERS
GET AWAY! OUR
PRESENCE HERE
MUST NOT BECOME
KNOWN!



MEANWHILE, ASTRON HAS
LED CASSIDY AND MIKE TO
HER RETREAT ON TOP OF
THE MESA-LIKE ISLAND

THE MAGIC OF THE
FLAME HAS MADE
THE PLACE LIKE
NEW, ASTRON.



DOT MUST BE DER
ISLAND WHERE DER
SPOTTERS ISS!
FORWARD!



THE NOISE OF THE TANKS SOUNDS OUT!

WHAT IS THAT
SOUND
?

LOOKS LIKE
THEY ARE ON
THE WAY HERE
TO GET ME



YOU MEAN THEY
COME TO TAKE
YOU AWAY
?

THAT'S
THEIR IDEA,
SISTER



ASTRON
RUSHED
QUICKLY
TO THE
ISLAND'S
EDGE. HER
SOFT BUT
FAR-CARRY-
ING CALL
SOUNDED
OVER THE
WATER!
HUNDREDS
OF
AMPHIBIAN
MONSTERS
PLOWED
THE WATER
TOWARD
HER.



LO-O-EE-EE!
LO-O-EE-EE

QUICKLY THE GREAT PHALANX OF MONSTER AMPHIBIANS STOOD AT HER COMMAND

A VILE INVADER WOULD SEIZE MY GUESTS, WITH EVIL INTENT! REBEL HIM! DESTROY HIM! DESTROY! DESTROY! DESTROY!

DON'T DO IT, ASTRON! THEIR WEAPONS ARE DESTRUCTIVE! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE! I WILL GO WITH THEM!



HEEDLESS OF HIS PLEA SHE OBEYED THE COMMAND AND WITH MIGHTY LEAPS THE MONSTERS RUSHED TO BATTLE THE AMPHIBIANS OF ST...

GO!

DESTROY!

BE THEY ROMAN OR VANDAL THEY SHALL NOT SET FOOT ON MY QUEEN'S POSSESSIONS HERE!



THEY ISSUED CAPTAIN RAULEN TO

GREAT JAWS AND IVORY vs. BULLETS AND STEEL



FAR UNDER THE SURFACE THEY MOVE, SWIFTLY ON—MONSTER SUBMARINES OF FORGOTTEN AGES!



HEY ISS WISE, CAPTAIN, UND DER FRAULEIN IS GONE, TOO!



DOT LEAVES DER WAY OPEN TO DER ISLAND! WE USE DER BULLETS ON DER NOSEY SPOTTERS, NOW!

LOOK! LOOK! CROCODILES UND - UND - A BEAUTIFUL FRAULEIN ISS DRIVING DEM! STILL I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, BUT WE SHOOT JUST DER SAME! FIRE!



BUT BEFORE THE MACHINE GUNS COULD GO INTO ACTION, THE MASS OF MONSTERS DIVED AND DISAPPEARED



NEXT INSTANT, A LEERING MASS OF MONSTERS SHOT OUT OF THE WATER BEHIND THEM! TONS OF ROARING, TEETH-GNASHING TERROR CRASHED ONTO THE TANKS AND CAPSIZED THEM!



A SHORT AND VICIOUS STRUGGLE, TOO TERRIBLE TO SHOW MUCH OF IT HERE! PROFESSIONAL KILLERS OF BABIES, WOMEN AND MEN, WITHOUT THEIR STEEL WEAPONS OF MURDER, WERE HELPLESS BEFORE THE AMPHIBIANS AND WERE QUICKLY DESTROYED! ASTRON RETURNED UNHURT BUT EXHAUSTED.



YOU NOW WILL REMAIN HERE, WILL YOU NOT, MAN OF THE SKY?

NO, ASTRON. SOMEHOW, I MUST LEAVE HERE AND REPORT TO MY SUPERIORS.

I HOPE WE GET THE RIGHT KIND OF MILEAGE OUTA THESE SHIPS, CHIEF!

HE SAID HE WOULD BE ON WATCH. THEN I SHALL SEE YOU ONCE MORE, MAN OF THE SKY.



CASSIDY EXPLAINS THAT HE MUST LEAVE QUICKLY TO RESUME WATCH OVER THIS COUNTRY. ASTRON LENDS HER AMPHIBIANS TO CARRY THE FLYERS AWAY.



ARE YOU HURRY ASTRON?

CAP. I ENJOY FORCE

TO BE CONTINUED

CAP. FURY



CAP. FURY AND HIS CREW ARE ENJOYING A REAL SEAMAN'S CONCERT.

S00000 BLOW
ME DOWN---
S0000---

S00000---



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FESTIVITIES---

YOU'RE WANTED
ON THE PHONE, CAP.
FURY.

PHONE?



SORRY, BOYS, BUT YOU'LL
HAVE TO POSTPONE THIS
LITTLE SHINDIG. WE'RE
GOING HERRING FISHING.

HERRING FISHING?
HA, HA, HA!

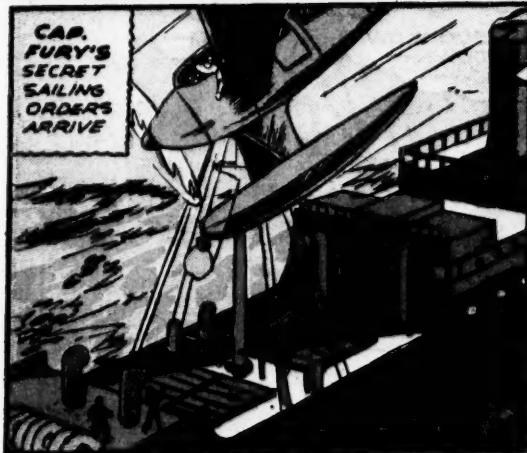
I'LL BET IT'S
A RED ONE.

HO, HO,
HO, HO!

SOOOOO
BLOW ME DOWN---



CAP.
FURY'S
SECRET
SAILING
ORDERS
ARRIVE



STRAIGHT
AS A PLUMMET,
THE RUBBER
BAG LANDS
ON THE
DECK.



--AND CAN YOU START AT ONCE
ORDERS WILL BE BROUGHT
YOU BY PLANE. I'M CALLING
FOR THE SECRETARY

TELL THE
SECRETARY I'M
ALREADY ON THE
WAY.



THAT'S PROBABLY THE
PLANE WITH OUR SAILING
ORDERS.



CAP. FURY AND HIS MATE READ THE SECRET ORDERS FROM SECRETARY KNOX.

HMMM! SO THAT'S IT.

QUITE A TASK, I'D SAY, SIR.

---AND AS THIS
RAIDER HAS BAFFLED
ALL OUR EFFORTS,
WE TURN TO YOU,
CAP. FURY.
WITH KINDEST
REGARDS AND BEST
WISHES FOR YOUR
CONTINUED SUCCESS,
I AM,
VERY TRULY YOURS,
SECRETARY
OF THE NAVY.

WE'LL LAY A NOR-NOR' EAST COURSE, MR JONES.

AH, AYE, SIR. NOR-NOR' EAST IT SHALL BE.

HMMM! SHE'S OPERATING BETWEEN NEW BRUNSWICK AN' GREENLAND -- WE SHOULD COME ACROSS HER...

SHIP
AHOOOOY!
SHIP
AHOY!

CAP. FURY SPRINGS INTO ACTION!

FULL SPEED AHEAD!

AH, AYE, SIR,
FULL SPEED AHEAD!

CAR FURY COMES UPON A RECENT VICTIM OF THE RAIDING U-BOAT.

MAN
THE LIFE
BOATS!

ONE POOR
DEVIL
PREFERS
A WATERY
GRAVE TO
THE SEAR-
ING FLAMES.



MY BABY--MY POOR
LITTLE BABY, WHAT
HARM DID MY LITTLE
BABY DO?

GOOD
LORD!

THEY MACHINE-GUNNED
US AFTER THE TORPEDO
HIT THE SHIP--AN' I
GUESS I'M DONE
FOR.



MY LITTLE BABY--
MY POOR BABY,
OHNNHH!

I PRAY THEE DEAR
GOD FOR STRENGTH
TO OVERCOME
THIS BEAST OF
THE DEEP. LET
ME NOT FAIL,
O LORD!



AS THOUGH IN ANSWER TO CAP FURY'S FERVENT PRAYER, THE U-BOAT---



HE'S COME BACK TO MACHINE-GUN US.

--APPEARS.

HELP!

OH, MY LITTLE BABY!



HE'LL SINK US!

REPORT SHIP, NATIONALITY AND COMMANDER.

HERRING FISHING BOAT, ELMAR--- AMERICAN-- CAPTAIN FURY.

A FINE SEAMANLIKE ACTION, TO SET THESE POOR FOLK ADRIFT IN MID SEA. MY COMPLIMENTS.

WHY THEY ARE NEVER OVER ONE OR TWO MILES FROM LAND-- STRAIGHT DOWN, HO, HO!

MY POOR BABY!



CAP FURY IS OUTRAGED BY THE VILLOUS, BESTIAL CRUELTY OF THE NAZI COMMANDER. HE THROWS CAUTION TO THE WINDS AND---

-- ATTACKS THE NAZI WITH THE FURY OF A WOUNDED GRIZZLY.

YOU UNSPEAKABLE SEWER SKUNK, I'LL---

WHAT--? YOU DARE--?





IT'S THE SECOND IN
COMMAND-- I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO
TELL HIM.



AS
CAP. FURY
TURNS TO GO TO
THE PHONE--
THE NAZIS
JUMP
HIM!

WHY
YOU---



BEING OUTNUMBERED MEANS NOTHING
TO CAP. FURY--- HE THRIVES ON ODDS
AGAINST HIM.



COME ON, YOU COWARDLY RATS--
YOU OUTNUMBER ME TEN TO
ONE -- WHY DON'T
YOU FIGHT?



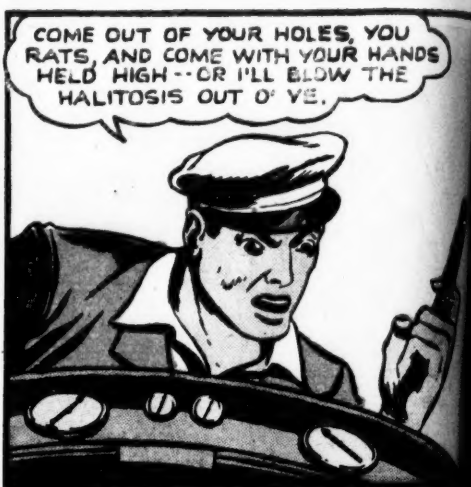
ONE OF THE SMALLER
NAZIS HAS SLIPPED PAST
CAP. FURY AND--

--IS JUST ABOUT TO
LAY HIS HANDS ON
THE GUN WHEN---



---THE EAGLE EYE OF CAP.
FURY SPIES HIM AND--





Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Doc Savage Comics, published quarterly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1941.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. W. Ralston, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Doc Savage Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publishers, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; editor, W. J. deGrouchy, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; managing editors, none; business managers, none.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation owned through stock holdings by Ormond G. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Gerald H. Smith, 89 Sev-

enth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Estate of Ormond G. Gould, 80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that said two paragraphs contain statements embracing the full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders do not appear upon the books of the company as true holders of stock and securities in a capacity other than that of bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or securities than as so stated by him.

H. W. RALSTON, Vice President,
Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1941. De Witt C. Van Valkenburgh, Notary Public, No. 84, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1942.)

Mark Mallory

at WEST POINT

Mark Mallory
HERO OF WEST POINT,
MAKES A LATE-NIGHT
SNEAK INTO THE BARRACKS
AND RUNS SMACK BANG
INTO TWO GANGSTERS
WHO ARE BENT UPON
DISABLING THE JENSON
PLANE ON ITS ARMY TRIAL
RUN--

A BREATH-TAKING DIVE
INTO THE HUDSON-- A
HAIR-RAISING GRAB AT A
SPEEDING PLANE-- BUT
SAY-- IF I TELL IT TO YOU,
YOU WON'T HAVE TO READ
IT-- SO MUM'S THE
WORD.



MARK STAYED OUT A LITTLE LATE
AT HIS GIRL FRIEND'S AND SO
SNEAKED INTO WEST POINT GROUNDS,
BY A WAY KNOWN ONLY TO HIM--
AND ALL OTHER CADETS.

SO FAR---
SO GOOD.

TWO SINISTER-LOOKING FIGURES
SNEAK OFF DOWN THE LANE.

WHAT---??
WHO CAN THAT
BE?



THE TWO FIGURES DISAPPEAR WITHIN
THE DEEP SHADOWS OF WEST
POINT'S MAIN HANGAR.



Mark
BURNS
UP THE
GRASS.



I WONDER WHY
THEY PUT ME HERE?
THAT BIRD WON'T FLY
OFF BY ITSELF.



THOSE GUYS HAVE GONE INTO THE
MAIN HANGAR!! GREAT SCOTT---
THE NEW JENSON PLANE!



A SPECIAL SENTRY STANDS GUARD
OVER THE JENSON PLANE----
THE NEWEST AND FASTEST
THING IN THE AIR, IT IS
TO RECEIVE ITS ARMY
TEST FLIGHT ON
THE MORROW.

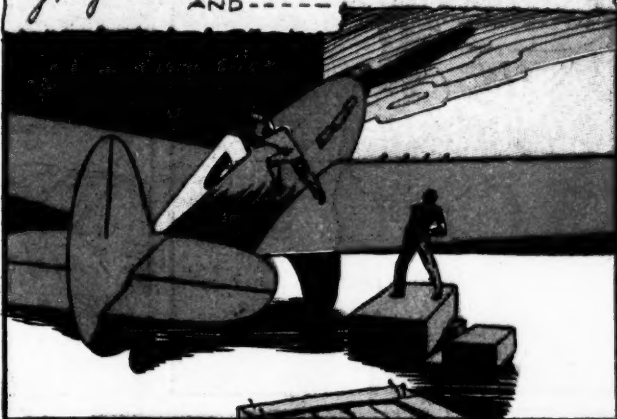


COME ON, SNIGGER, LET'S
FIX DIS CRATE AN' LAM.

MAKE WAY FER
DE EXPERT,
YOU MUG.



They MAKE STRAIGHT FOR THE JENSON PLANE
AND-----



WHERE'S THAT HACK SAW BLADE? I TOLD
YOU TO PUT IT IN THE TOOLS, YOU BONE
HEAD. NOW IT WILL TAKE ME TWICE AS
LONG TO BLINK DIS CRATE.

I THOUGHT I PUT IT IN, SNIGGER, HONEST
I DID.



MARK LISTENS IN THE HANGAR
DOORWAY---



SOMEBODY IS IN THE JENSON---
WHERE'S THE SENTRY?

MARK FINDS THE FALLEN SENTRY AND, HEARING
A SLIGHT SOUND BEHIND HIM, TURNS---



IT'S BENTON---
HE'S BEEN---
---WHAT'S
THAT..?



--JUST IN TIME TO DODGE THE SAME WEAPON THAT FELLED BENTON.



The GANGSTER STARTS A HAYMAK FOR MARK'S JAW FROM THE FLOOR, BUT---



--MARK SEES AN OPENING AND--



--PROMPTLY MAKES USE OF IT.

HEY-WHAT THE-???

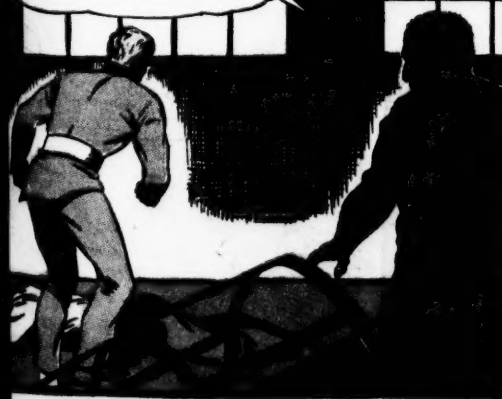
BREAK YOUR NECK--
AN' WATCH ME.
LAUGH.





IN THE MEANTIME---

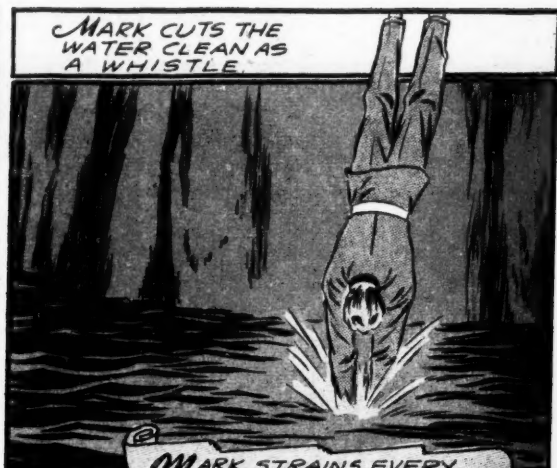
WHEW! I'M LEAVIN' BY DE FIRE ESCAPE.



SNIGGER, THE EXPERT MECHANIC, HAS DISAPPEARED.







MARK MAKES A MOST UN-LOOKED-FOR APPEARANCE,



THE ARMY ALWAYS AIMS TO OBLIGE.

HEY---WHAT THA ??



I'LL BLOW---

YOU ALWAYS DO.

BLOW ON THAT--AND SEE IF YOU CAN COO IT OFF.

HEY--

OWO



GET BACK IN THAT SEAT, AND TAKE US BACK TO WEST POINT, AND BREAK A RECORD OR TWO. I WANT TO GET TO BED.

A PRISONER FOR YOU, SIR.

FINE WORK, MARK MALLORY. MAKE A FULL REPORT IN THE MORNING. BUT YOU ARE FULLY DRESSED.

REGULATIONS, SIR. APPEARING BEFORE STRANGERS, ALWAYS BE FULLY DRESSED."

AHEM! GET TO BED, THE LOT OF YOU!



DON'T FAIL TO READ THE ISSUE OF DOC SAVAGE MARK MALLORY, HERO OF WEST POINT, GOES TO TOWN IN THAT MARK'LL BE SEEN' Y

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YOUTH IN NATIONAL DEFENSE
AGAINST AIRPLANE INVASION.

by Formes
and
Bald

FOLLOW THIS LITTLE STORY
OF JOHN BENDELL, A MEMBER
OF THE AIR WARDEN CADETS,
AND AN AMERICAN YOUNGSTER
JUST LIKE YOURSELVES. BOYS
AND GIRLS OF AMERICA, HERE
IS YOUR LONG-LOOKED-FOR
CHANCE TO SERVE YOUR
COUNTRY BY BECOMING
AMERICA'S EYES OF THE
AIR IN JOINING YOUR
LOCAL UNIT OF THE
AIR WARDEN CADETS.



BOOM

WHAT DO YOU MAKE
'EM OUT TO BE, JOHN?

WHY, THEY'RE JUST-
HEY-GOOD GOSH, ED,
THOSE ARE NAZI PLANES.

I JUST SAW THE SWASTIKA ON ONE.

I SAW 'EM, TOO,
JOHN. THERE

ARE SIX OF 'EM.

GREAT BIG,
WHOPPER PLANES

TOO.

YOU RUN AND CALL AIR
WARDEN CADET HEAD-

QUARTERS AT MRS.

JOHNSON'S, ED. I'LL KEEP

AN EYE ON THOSE
NAZIS. I'M SURE

THEY'RE LANDING
IN THE PICNIC
GROUNDS





CRAWL UP THE SLOPE OF THE ROAD
AND THROW THIS GIANT HAND GRENADE
AMONGST THEM. THAT WILL TEACH THESE
YANKEE FOOLS NOT TO
PIT THEMSELVES AGAINST
THE FUEHRER'S BEST.



HA, HA! DIS VILL BLOW DEM ALL ZUM
TEUFEL! (TO THE DEVIL)



WHAT ???



JOHN CATCHES THE DEADLY
HAND GRENADE, AND---



--THROWS IT BACK INTO THE
MIDST OF THE NAZIS WHERE
IT---



EXPLODES AMONG THE NAZIS WITH DEVASTAT-
EFFECT.



HURRAY FER JOHN!

THREE CHEERS FOR OUR
BOY HERO.

HURRAY FOR THE AIR
WARDEN CADETS!

WHOOPEE!

EEEEOWW!



LITTLE NEMO

BY - WINSOR
MCCAY JR.

IS COMING BACK!



HELLO, BOYS AND GIRLS!
AND HELLO TO ALL MY OLD FRIENDS
OF MANY YEARS BACK! YES, I'M COM-
ING BACK. AND HERE ARE ALL MY
WELL-KNOWN COMPANIONS---**FLIP**
AND **IMPIE** AND THE **PRINCESS** AND
THE **CANDY KID** AND **DOCTOR**
PILL AND **KING MORPHEUS** AND
AND **PRESTO** AND **SLIVVERS** AND....
LET'S SEE, DID I LEAVE ANY OUT?---
OH YES, A NEW PAL OF MINE WHO
WILL REALLY TICKLE YOU.....PEPPY!

YES, LITTLE NEMO IS COMING BACK! AND WE'LL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET. WINSOR MCCAY, THE ORIGINATOR OF "LITTLE NEMO" YEARS AGO USED HIS OWN LITTLE SON, AS THE MODEL FOR THAT LOVABLE CHARACTER. WELL, THAT "LITTLE NEMO" IS GROWN UP TODAY, HAS A SON OF HIS OWN--- AND IS AN ARTIST, AND HE IS NOW CARRYING ON THE STORY HIMSELF! SO THINK OF THAT, BOYS AND GIRLS--- THE ORIGINAL "LITTLE NEMO" HIMSELF WILL TAKE YOU ON ALL THOSE GLORIOUS ADVENTURES THROUGH SLUMBERLAND, WITH HIS OWN PEN!

AND HERE'S ANOTHER SUGGESTION--- JUST WHISPER IN DAD'S OR MOTHER'S EAR AND ASK IF THEY WOULD LIKE YOU TO READ "LITTLE NEMO" TODAY, AS THEY DID YEARS AGO WHEN THEY WERE YOUNG! WE KNOW WHAT THEIR ANSWER WILL BE--- "YES, CERTAINLY, AND WE'LL READ IT TOO. WE'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN LITTLE NEMO!"

AND SO WATCH FOR THE FIRST OF THE
LITTLE NEMO SERIES, WHICH WILL APPEAR IN

Shadow
COM

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The Doc Savage method of Self Development

Because of thousands of requests for more definite knowledge of the exercises which are part of Doc Savage's daily routine, we have prepared this exposition of the means used by Doc Savage to reach his present state of mental and physical development.

As explained here, they start from the very

beginning of Doc Savage's career with the most elemental tests. They are numbered for convenient reference. It is only because of the faithful daily performance of even the smallest of these exercises that Doc Savage has developed his senses and perceptions to the present high degree.

Exercise I

Doc Savage, in his adventurous career, undergoes terrific mental and physical strain, and because of such, operates on a highly keyed nervous system. But he has learned the secret of recovery from these stresses of the body: *relaxation*. As complete relaxation and sleep are nearly the same, striving for one is attainment of the other.

Relaxation is impossible so long as any one or more of the muscles are tense or in play. Doc, knowing this, lies flat on his back—or, if in bed, in a position conducive to sleep—and clears his mind of all conflicting thoughts. He then attempts to visualize a black space in his mind, painting mental pictures of the inside of a subterranean dungeon cell at midnight on a cloudy night. In other words—a complete blackness. While this blackness is building up, Doc mentally commands the muscles in his body from head down, to become completely limp. Then he continues to the knee, making sure the calf muscles are absolutely “soft.” From here he attempts to relax the muscles of hips, and the rest of his torso. All the while he is continually picturing in his mind's eye the absolute black-

ness. Most times Doc falls asleep long before calling on his body muscles to relax, for the blackness has taken effect.

Exercise II

In this exercise Doc Savage usually takes immediately on rising in the morning. Standing before an open window in shorts, feet wide apart and body relaxed, he breathes deeply and slowly ten or ten times.

Then, still relaxed, he reaches down to the floor and, bending from the hips only, grasps an imaginary hundred-pound weight. Slowly and without jerking, muscles tensed, the imaginary weight is lifted above his head. It is held there as Doc inhales and exhales deeply, having

held his breath while lifting.

The weight is heavy, and requires tremendous exertion of every muscle of the body. Doc's legs are tense and quivering, and his back muscles stand out as they aid the arms and stomach tendons. This is accomplished by opposing the pull of the muscles with *mental* resistance.

After reaching the top of the lift, Doc sets the imaginary weight down beside his left foot, straightens up and relaxes.

At the same time while taking the above exercises, Doc also trains his powers of observation by looking out the window and mentally cataloguing everything that comes within his range of vision. He then turns his back and repeats the physical exercise, lifting the imaginary weight up from the left foot and lowering it to the right, reviewing in his mind all the while that which the eye had photographed through the window.

This exercise is usually repeated five times by Doc, and at its conclusion he lists on paper all the objects he can remember seeing outside the window.

Only at the end of seven days does Doc check one list against the other—and sees much improvement after that period; for the mind is grasping more details each day.

When possible, Doc completes these exercises in a room with four windows, using a different one each week for the test, and for the fifth week goes back to the first window. Again list-checking shows him much improvement over the first week.

Exercise III

When Doc Savage, on his travels, finds himself without his complicated exercising equipment, and wants to improve his sense of touch, he reverts to an exercise of his younger days.

He prepares ten cards—business or calling cards—and with a small nail, punches a series of holes *partially* through them, so that small humps can be felt on the opposite side. Then, without looking, he runs his fingers quickly and lightly

over the cards, counts the number of humps felt and marks the number on the back of the card.

This he does with the entire series of ten cards, and as a means of roughly timing himself, recites from memory W. E. Henley's poem "Invictus." The poem ends about the same time the cards have been gone through.

The second week, Doc uses a small nail and makes more punches on the cards; for timing, he recites the first two verses of Rudyard Kipling's "If." The third week, he adds more cards and recites the entire poem. At the end of the fourth week Doc is able to run through forty cards, punched with a large pin, not less than ten times and not more than fifty, and recites to himself Joaquin Miller's poem "Columbus."

Doc changes cards and poem about once every two weeks, and increases the number of punches as he improves his sense of touch.

Exercise IV

Doc Savage, brushing up on his sense of smell, finds it easy to arrange equipment from liquids found in the average household. He procures ten small bottles, washes them thoroughly and dries them, and pours into each a small amount of the following liquids:

1. ammonia
2. vinegar
3. water
4. salt water
5. catsup diluted with water
6. soapy water
7. a few drops of vanilla flavoring
8. " " " lemon "
9. chocolate
10. milk

These bottles are kept tightly corked.

Doc then pastes a clean piece of paper around each bottle and in small letters, notes its contents.

He then closes his eyes and disarranges the bottles so he will have no idea of their contents. With eyes still closed he rapidly uncorks, smells, recorks and then writes on the labels the names he believes the liquids to be.

While cataloguing these odors, Doc listens intently to all the sounds about him, and when finished with the odor bottles, writes down the noises and identifies them. As an example:

When a motor vehicle stops on the street outside, Doc attempts to identify it by name; whether new or old, and what type of body.

Someone walks down the hall—was it man, woman or child? Doc listens intently to the foot-falls for identification.

Exercise V

The sense of hearing is immensely important to Doc Savage, and a simple little exercise keeps it at peak.

Doc procures six water tumblers and numbers them from one to six, writing on a small piece of paper he pastes on each glass. Then he takes a silver table knife and taps each glass, notes in turn, their individual tones. After having sounds in mind, he turns the glasses with the identifying numbers away from him, mixes them up, and then taps the glasses again, trying to identify the tones.

He checks his impressions against the numbers.

Exercise VI

One of the first taste exercises ever used by Doc Savage was the attempted identification of individual solutions of coffee, tea, salt water, sugar water, diluted vinegar, and mustard. He prepared six one-ounce bottles and, after sterilizing them, filled them three-quarters with drinking water.

Into each bottle he poured a teaspoonful each of the aforementioned liquids. Each bottle was labeled, naming the contents within. Then he closed his eyes and sipped from each bottle in turn, noting on paper what he thought the liquid to be.

After reaching the stage where he could differentiate correctly, he added water to the bottles until the flavor was barely perceptible—then tried identifying them.

During this exercise, Doc recited aloud the poem "In Flanders Fields."

Exercise VII

Strengthening and training the eyesight is important to Doc Savage, for his eyes become his most important asset on his world-wide adventures. To exercise them, he stands before a window giving an outlook far down the street and focuses his eyes on the farthest window of the telephone pole he can see and counts the number of glass or the glass insulators on the cross of the telephone pole, as the case may be.

Then he sharply lowers his eyes to a card which is written Edgar Guest's poem "It Couldn't Be Done," and reads two lines of it.

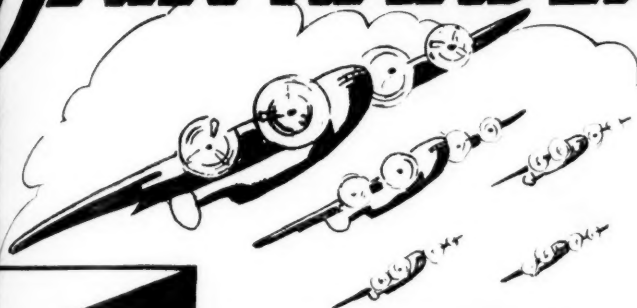
Doc then lifts his eyes from the card and focuses them on the foremost object he can see on the right, at the same time swinging them to the left. The eyes are then swung toward the window again and then quickly back to the reading two more lines. This swing from window, to left, to right, is repeated.

Doc makes no pause between eye positions; he does move his head. The exercise is done with eyes alone.

After the exercise, Doc notes on paper the things he unconsciously saw as he gazed at the farthest object through the window. This exercise, by his power of unconscious perception, day strengthens his eyesight, helping him to distinguish objects at a greater distance.

(Continued in next issue)

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